Cookies For Cannibals

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Cookies For Cannibals

by MintyEcco

Summary

While Will is not usually the type to participate in the capitalistic hell scape that is the Christmas season, however being in a relationship with Hannibal brings that into clash. Till all he can do is make some cookies.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Christmas with Hannibal Lecter sounds like an odd experience to anyone.

While many would view it as a treat due to his cooking prowess they still wouldn't lie that it would be an overwhelming experience.

Such meticulous practice doesn't seem to lend itself to an enjoyable time while in the kitchen.

To these points, however, Will Graham would disagree.

Yes it could be stressful, but largely it was just entertaining. Especially whenever Hannibal would try to drag into it all.

After all, the kitchen was not his strong suit. That was one of the many perks of luring in a character like Hannibal. Amazing cooking prowess, even if that comes with the complication of a taste of human flesh.

This time around Hannibal appears to be in the holiday spirit, though Will is still somewhat suspicious of what he is currently cooking up.

Even if it is just simple dough, there's always a way for Hannibal to sneak in his extra little treats.

No matter how hard he'd break up the meat Will would still swear up and down that he'd be able to taste the blood.

And besides, meat and cookies don't really mix.

Maybe somewhere else with someone else, but here for Will it did not.

So he sits perched at the counter top, a glass of wine between his fingers as he intently watches Hannibal make gingerbread cookies.

He'd insisted he make them even though Will had told him he was okay with not celebrating the holiday.

In his own experience he thought little of Christmas time.

He was not a religious man after all, and the over-commercialization of it all left him feeling more hollow than mary.

For Hannibal however it seemed to be an intimately important time. Will had ruefully joked earlier if he was looking forward to committing one of his murders with the theme of the season. He was met with a surprisingly wounded look and the words, "Christmas is a time of love and cheer. Why would you think I'd want to stain it with the blood of my meals?"

To which Will had stared at Hannibal with the most confused expression he could muster. "It just seems like– your M.O. To imagine you not taking advantage of this time of year feels

wrong.”

A stern judgmental glance was thrown his way before Hannibal matched himself to the kitchen. Will watching him go in confusion got up after a minute to see what he was planning.

Standing in the doorway Will watched as Hannibal, in a huff, brought out cookie sheets and every ingredient one could think of to make the titular treat. Milk, eggs, flour, and for this special batch ginger.

“What are you doing?”

“I’m going to make gingerbread cookies to celebrate the season.” There was a curt pain in his voice that made Will smirk in surprise.

“Did I offend you that much? It was a fair assumption!”

“A hurtful assumption, Will. I have no intention of causing any pain during this time of year.”

At that Will let out a bark of laughter. This was all so insane. Never would he have imagined in his wildest dreams that he would offend the Chesapeake Ripper by saying that he would kill someone during Christmas time.

“Okay, but I’ll have to watch you make them to believe you.”

“You think I’d slip something in?”

“I’ve learned to not put it past you.” Will commented almost smugly, taking his current spot at the counter as Hannibal began the process of mixing the dough.

Hours had passed by now and Will found it growing harder and harder to keep his vigil of the dough.

There had been a minor break when it needed to chill for a few hours but returning back to his post was harder than expected. Especially since Hannibal seems to be intentionally taking his time with all this.

“I thought you preferred to cook quickly?” Will prods, trying to prove his hypothesis.

“If you believe that I cook quickly then you have not paid very good attention, Will. I cook as fast as is necessary for the recipe. For instance, for these cookies I do not have to go any faster than I am currently.” Hannibal chides back, not even bothering to look at Will as he does.

Will rolls his eyes with a loud sigh.

“If you find it so troublesome to continue your position then you could always go in the other room. I’m sure you can find something else to occupy your time.”

“I’d really rather not.”

“You trust me so little, Will?”

“When it comes to cooking it feels like a gamble if I’ll find out I ate John from across the street or not!”

Hannibal stops in his processes, currently it is cutting each little ginger man out, his eyes moving over stare Will down. “You could always start on the sugar cookies.”

Will blinks at him in befuddlement. “You want to make— more cookies?”

“Ginger bread and sugar cookies are common of the season.”

“I don’t celebrate though!” Will huffs, picking at his nails as he tries not to look up.

“Then make the dough. I can take care of the rest.”

Gritting his teeth Will move his eyes back up. Staring down Hannibal with deep frustration. He knew the doctor was right, but goddamn it if he wasn’t gonna make it difficult to admit it.

Despite himself though he couldn’t help it when he stared into those prescient eyes. They knew how to get to him. Why else would he be here?

“Fine.” He spits out, standing up to grab the same things Hannibal had earlier. “Just the dough.”

Hannibal’s lit up with a cheeky grin as he watches Will pull out the milk and eggs.

“Don’t look at me like that!” Will grumbles.

“I’m not looking at you.” Hannibal toys back as he begins to cut out cookies again.

With loud another sigh to show his already obvious displeasure while placing each ingredient out carefully.

The delicate nature of his actions betrayed the displeasure he wore as a mask to portray his true care for what he is doing.

It’s not like he gets many chances to work in this kitchen anyways.

With these thoughts filling his head he and Hannibal fill up the same space.

Moving against one another like dancers on a stage. Will grabbing what he needs while Hannibal continues to cut each little ginger man out.

Placing the finished shapes onto the plastic sheet draped on top of a cookie tray. A bowl of little chocolate chips and green icing set next to them. Waiting patiently for their time to come. When Hannibal will be able to bring it all to perfection.

By comparison Will makes the biggest mess possible.

He’s not even sure himself how he did it. But all around him is flour, dripping egg, spilled milk, and a few dots of missed sugar.

A mess to be sure, but a surprisingly enjoyable one.

He was enjoying himself.

Making fucking Christmas cookies Will was having fun.

Sure his shirt was doused in flour now and he knew Hannibal would never let him live this down. But he was doing something so simple yet— delightful.

All during the time of year consumed by fake smiles and capitalism.

That didn’t matter now though.

Because in the here and now Will was making Christmas cookies. Hannibal at his back, now putting little eyes on the men, putting so much care into making this a happy time for him.

It was enduring.

Especially coming from a goddamn murder.

A bafflingly enduring combination that Will wouldn’t be able to lie about. Because it was sweet. It all was so fucking sweet.

“Do you need any help back there?” Hannibal cut in, now hunched over the oven as the little ginger men went into to be fully formed. Eyes on them but icing still laying in wait to give them their well deserved little smiles.

Will pauses in his work to stare down. The mix was done, but how long had he been mixing for.

“You lost time again.” Hannibal said suddenly, moving next to Will till his hands are wrapped around his waist.

“I did…” His tone defeated and unsure. Why now? Of all times why did it have to be now!

“It’s okay, Will. You’ve mixed it wonderfully. Now we can leave it to chill for a few hours.” As Hannibal comforts with his velvety voice he kisses the top of Will’s head.

Will pauses before grabbing one of Hannibal’s hands and squeezing it.

“How do you know I didn’t mix it too much?”

“I’m a good cook, Will. I recognize good dough when I see it.”

Freeing himself from Hannibal’s grip Will grabs some dough on his finger. Without much thought behind it, other than trying to pull away from the sudden somberness of his condition, he puts it on Hannibal’s nose.

He stands there staring at Will and complete befuddlement. But slowly he lifts his own finger and wipes his nose, and then licks it.

“It’s perfect, Will.” He says with the sweetest smile.

“Promise?”

“Of course.”

With a nod, Will pulls on Hannibal’s tie till they’re lips lock.

So close together some dough can’t help but slip onto Will’s cheek. With a tentative nature Hannibal moves the kiss to his cheek.

Pulling away after licking his lips he states, “It’s just as sweet as you.”

Will’s eyes dart to the floor as he feels his cheeks grow hot. “Don’t be like that.”

“I can’t deny the truth, Will. Not to you.”

“Just shut up.” He says, a laugh caught between his words, as he yanks Hannibal back in for a second go.

The timer for the gingerbread men ticking away behind them the smell of a Christmas classic floats through the air.

Bringing together a sweet scene between two broken people. Still able to find the joy in the season together. Even if that means ignoring the possibility of a bit of murder.

End Notes

This is a Birthday/Christmas gift to my darling friend Kasey. A truly lovely person who has been by my side since summer of 2019 and am so happy to still call a friend. I love you so much dude and I hope that you enjoy this gift of Hannigram.

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